

# FRI'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

## LIFE'S PURPOSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"For I am willing both to spend and be spent,  
Not slothful, in business, fervent in spirit,  
Serving the Lord."

"Spent and be spent for others' sake!"

When once this joy is known,  
Trove hard its sweetness to forsake  
And live for self alone.

Not mine, alas! to have attained  
Such loftiness of soul;  
But rather fain my steps would tend  
To their distant goal.

This sometimes 'neath eternal Rome,  
One who has dared too far,  
Lost in some endless catacomb,  
Beholds a glimmering star;

And presses on with eager eyes,  
Still toward that pale, dim ray,  
For there he knows the portal lies  
To broad and glorious day.

Thou, who hast bid its radiance shine,  
In mercy grant us too,  
A lost and wandering child of Thine,  
To keep this light in view.

To note it still less far before,  
To watch it grow for eye,  
The light that shineth more and more  
Unto the perfect day."

JULIA S. TUTWILER.

## PRIVATE DUKE MORRISON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"Confound it! It's too bad that I must leave half my men here to guard this handful of Yankee prisoners, just when I need every man that I can muster to go on this expedition!" said the young Confederate officer, Captain Dane of the —th Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., bears an important tattoo upon the pavement with his spurred boot heel, as he glanced at the jail-like building where a dozen Federal soldiers, captured in a fight the day before, were confined.

A dozen tired, hungry men, some of them wounded, their uniform dusty and blood-stained, all sad and disheartened. I said "all," but there was one man among them to whom that word "disheartened" would hardly apply as he sat there, a little apart from the rest, his back against the wall, one hand supporting his head—a kindly head, the dark hair closely trimmed a-mustache, and a look of cool determination in the resolute, sun-brown face.

He wore no insignia of military rank—no stripes upon his shoulders, not even the chevron of a sergeant upon his sleeve. He was not entitled to wear anything of the kind, for he was only a private, on the muster-roll of his company, "Private Duke Morrison."

He sat there quietly enough, though he must have suffered intensely, for there was a ghastly looking sabre-cut on his shoulder, and no surgeon had arrived to dress the wounds of those men, though twelve hours had elapsed since they had been brought by railway to that little town in the interior for safekeeping. But Duke Morrison was too proud to complain, though every breath he drew was keen torture; and in the face of this stubborn endurance the rest were ashamed to make much ado over their own sufferings, which were severe enough, poor fellows!

Captain Dane had said to them, with real regret in his voice, and something very like admiring approval in his black eyes—being a soldier himself he could understand and appreciate the grim pride that forbade complaint in the presence of enemies.—

"I'm truly sorry that I can't get medical help for you at once. Our surgeons are all at a distance—but I shall do the best I can for you. I have sent for two physicians, who live some miles from here and understand surgery tolerably well."

There was a ray of comfort in this, but it had died out as the hours wore on and no help arrived.

"If I could only think of some way to get over the difficulty," said Captain Dane, thoughtfully, stroking his moustache.

"Draw them up in line, captain, and shoot them as they deserve," suggested the second Lieutenant of the company, a sort of gentlemanly ruffian, who had obtained his commission more by family influence than any fitness he had ever been known to exhibit for the office.

Captain Dane gave his subordinate a look that somewhat abashed the fellow.

"We are not savages, Lieutenant Montreux, and don't murder prisoners of war in cold blood."

Lieutenant Montreux touched his cap and withdrew, muttering something as he went about "Not being so very particular about what became of the Yankee dogs."

"What was that you were saying about numerous prisoners of war?" inquired an old gentleman, who had just descended from a carriage and was now shaking hands with the Confederate captain.

"You here, father? I'm very glad indeed to see you." And then the young man repeated the remark of which the elder had heard a part, and also the quandary he was in with regard to the captured Federals, and the pressing necessity that all of his own men should be ready to start with him at sunrise.

Judge Dane considered a little.

"You might quarter your prisoners on some of the families in the neighborhood. There are twelve of them, you say. It would be easy to find that many men who could be trusted to take care of these fellows till you could spare time to make some other arrangement. I will be responsible for one of them.

This suggestion and offer were acted upon immediately. It was not difficult, as Judge Dane had said, to find responsible persons, true citizens of the Confederacy, who were willing to take charge of the prisoners for as long a time as Captain Dane might find necessary. By the middle of the afternoon they were all billeted, much to that officer's relief, and Duke Morrison entered Judge Dane's carriage, the rebel captain having assigned him to his father's care.

The prisoner had said, "I must tell you in advance, sir, that I shall embrace the first opportunity that presents itself for escape."

"That's plain and fair, Mr. Morrison—and I like a fair understanding between man and man. I shall take care that no such opportunity as you speak of presents itself," replied the judge—secretly thinking as he noticed the young soldier's flushed face, and laid his fingers on the pulse, bounding now with fever, that it would not be strange if the brave spirit were compelled to succumb to a power mightier than the Southern Confederacy.

"I shall have a physician to see you as soon as I reach home. That wound has been neglected so long that you are in for a fever, I'm afraid. Mac has had men scouring the country for medical help, but the physicians declined to come because—"

The judge hesitated.

"Because we were Yankees soldiers! And you call that chivalry, I suppose," retorted Duke, with indignant emphasis.

"No, I don't," testily. "A true-born Southerner scorns such pettiness as that."

Duke Morrison did not reply—only leaned his head back wearily against the cushions, and the carriage rolled swiftly on over the four miles of level, dusty road, that intervened between the town and Dalton, Judge Dane's residence; turning at last into a shaded lane, and from that into a winding carriage-way, which ended at the house, a large building with wide, cool piazzas and lovely hanging balconies—the whole standing in a sea of greenery.

All was still save the tinkling of a piano. That ceased as they approached, and a woman came down the steps—a lovely woman, clad in a dress of some misty, cloud-like stuff that swayed and floated as she walked. A gold bracelet clasped one round arm—the only ornament she wore was a knot of ribbons on her breast, the rebel white and red: "White as our honor, red as the heart's blood of our enemies."

She came floating down the steps in her graceful way, but stopped as she became aware that her father was not alone, and the bloom and brightness went out of her face as she caught sight of the detested Federal uniform, for Miss Myra Dane was a consistent rebel, and hated the Northern troops with a very cordial and sincere hatred.

With the instinct of a gentleman, Duke Morrison lifted his hat. The salutation was responded to with lady-like grace, but the glance which met his own was so manifestly unfriendly that he colored, with a sense of having intruded—against his will, to be sure—into a place where he was not by any means welcome.

There were no obtrusive manifestations of dislike, however, none of that ridiculous pantomime which some Southern women affected in order to show their hatred and contempt for "Lincoln hirings"—no curling of red lips or hasty withdrawal of dainty skirts from possible contact with the soiled uniform of the soldier. Myra Dane was a lady, and, being one, could not descend to rude even to an enemy; and an enemy Duke Morrison was in her eyes, and enemy and a dangerous one.

She looked on very quietly while two of the servants assisted him out of the carriage and into the house; for by this time he was quite unable to stand. He tried to steady himself and walk without help, but objects grew dim and indistinct before his eyes; the servants, the furniture, the white-haired judge and his beautiful daughter seemed revolving about him; then came total unconsciousness; and an hour later he was delirious.

"A shocked fellow," muttered the old doctor, as he deftly dressed the wound that, neglected, had brought on this raging fever.

"Talk and appear like a gentleman, too. Wonder how As ever came to be in the ranks."

"I don't know," responded the judge, who was himself rendering what assistance he could.

"Mac says he fought like a tiger."

"You, anybody would know that from this, touching the firm mouth and square chin of the unconscious man."

The judge nodded.

"It seems that he was one of a squad of picked men sent down here under the com-

mand of a Lieutenant to learn what they could about the disposition and strength of our forces. They did find out something which that Yankee General — would be glad to know; but, as good luck would have it, Mac found out what they were up to, and learnt as the Lieutenant thought himself, surrendered him before he knew it. Of course it was madness for them to hold out when the odds were six to one against them, but they did it. This Duke Morrison took command after the Lieutenant fell, and tried to cut a way out for his men, but couldn't do that, and they finally surrendered, what there was left of them. The information they paid so dear to obtain will never do General — any good."

"You will have to keep a sharp lookout when this young man—Morrison, did you call him?—goes well. He'll be sure to make an effort to escape and make his information available after all."

"Trust me for that. You think he will get well?"

"Yes, certainly. With his good constitution there's nothing to hinder."

Doctor Sutton's prediction was verified—his predictions generally were, by-the-way—and at the end of four days Duke Morrison returned to consciousness.

He awoke to find himself in a large, airy chamber pleasantly furnished. A soft wind coming in through the open window swept refreshingly across his forehead, bearing a faint, delicious perfume from the wilderness of blossoming plants below. Everything in and about the room was fresh and sweet and comfortable, from the sheer muslin curtains at the windows and the snowy draperies of the bed, to the cup of scented violets on the toilet-table, and the half-drawn choice engravings upon the walls.

At the moment of waking he had thought himself alone, but presently a voice broke the quiet—a woman's voice, touched with the barbarean accent, and the strange sweetness, that are the heritage of the down-trodden children of Africa. The words were spoken very low, but, in the silence that reigned there every word was distinctly audible to the man in whose behalf that brief petition was uttered.

"Oh, Hebbeny Marster, bress de Linkum sogen. God bress dis sogen. If he hab a mudder 'way up Norf who is washin' an' waitin' fur her boy an' givin', mebbe, tinkin' him dead, Lawd remember her. If he hab a wife an' little chillun comfort dem. Bress an' comfor' all dat love him."

The soldier's lips trembled, and he turned his face to the wall—the quick impulse of a man who rarely yields to emotion. He need not. The petitioner was unconscious that any ear, save that of One which is always open to the voice of supplication, heard her words.

"Lawd, make dis sogen well an' strong agin. Help him to 'scape from de Philistines that stan' roun' him on every side. Put de streen in his arm an' faith in his soul, an' help him to get back to de friends dat love him an' comfor' try dat needs him."

"An' oh, Law' hear de prayers of us pore niggers, an' do oh, God, giv de victory to de Union, an' put an' on de hyar wicked rebellion. Fur de name an' sake of de breasted Jesus."

"Amen," responded Duke Morrison, fervently.

The woman got up off her knees and came to the bedside, the tears streaming down her wrinkled, black cheeks.

"It was kind in you to pray for me. I hope you will do it often."

"I will, master, I will," with a burst of sound. "An' ole man, too. We's been washin' an' waitin' for de Union sogen to come. You is de fust one we's seen yet. De res' is comin', ain't dat, master?"

"Yes, they are coming—but slowly. The rebels are strong."

The old woman stood still, looking out through the open window toward the far North, murmuring slowly, "Dey is comin'. Surely comin'." Was she listening for the roll of victorious drums, for the tread of armed men, whose coming was to be the signal of freedom to waiting thousands?

Duke Morrison wondered if this was so, looking at her rapt face and dark eyes with their wistful, solemn outlook. This woman was very old. What if she should die before the Union soldiers came? What if, like Moses, she should come so near to the borders of the Promised Land, within sight of the long-looked-for and long-hoped-for Canaan, and yet be not permitted to enter in?

Her next words answered his thoughts.

"If I am called before day come I shall know dat my chilien will have de blessing. An' Heaven is better dan freedom here."

The soldier put out his hand. He was an earnest man, given to thinking deeply upon subjects which the majority of people pass lightly over, but he had never before realized how terribly real the war was to this oppressed race, bound in the iron bonds of servitude, longing with an unutterable longing for freedom, hoping and praying for the success of the Union arms and the overthrow of the rebellion.

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He had got a glimpse at the inner, hidden life of that great class of which so very little has ever actually been known at the North; and he sympathized with them as he had never done in all his life before.

Sat just outside the French window, on the balcony with a book in her lap, Myra Dane had heard every word of this conversation, though neither Duke Morrison nor the nurse expected it. But the secret—for it was a secret, which, if exposed, would have brought prompt punishment on the old slave woman, and嚴密 surveillance upon the prisoner—was kept.

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If Judge Dane had known of this change in his daughter's feelings—he had never suspected, and it was as well, perhaps, that he did not.

And one afternoon, when the Judge and Mrs. Dane had gone to take tea in a modest way at a neighbor's, and Myra was left to play cards for a while, and entertain Mr. Morrison, she glided in and stood before him, as he sat reading, and in the self-same dress she had worn that day when he first saw her, but the knot of red and white ribbon on her breast was crossed with blue.

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The soldier took in its significance at once. He came forward and took her hands, smiling down upon her with a glad, triumphant light in his eyes. Her heart throbbed almost painfully under the tri-colored badge. She drew her hands away, and sat down to the piano, and once again the walls of that sumptuous room echoed to the tune, unchanged for two years, of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Duke Morrison held his breath as he listened. He had not thought to hear them inside the Federal lines.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph still

wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Listening to the words, this prophecy of what would one day surely be, he could almost believe himself free again. Free! No man knows what that word means until he has been deprived of his liberty. Duke Morrison felt that he had never realized all it meant until the past four weeks.

He was a prisoner—his captivity softened by many pleasant surroundings, and the thousand namesake courtesies of refined, social life—but a prisoner for all that, bearing about with him, sleeping or waking, by night and by day, an ever-present consciousness of this.

Judge Dane, like thousands of other men at the South, honestly believed that his first and highest duty was to the Confederacy. In his opinion all purely personal and private interests were subsidiary to the more important interests of the government to which he had pledged faith and allegiance. He had given his word to the military authorities that "Private Duke Morrison, prisoner of war," should be strictly watched while in his care, and on no account permitted to escape. Duke Morrison knew that the stern old man meant to redeem this promise to the letter, and to do so would not hesitate, in case of emergency, to sacrifice the life of one whose escape to the Union lines, with the information he possessed, could not fail to work disaster to the Confederate cause in that part of the country.

But he did not despair.

Plan after plan he made for escape, only to see each one frustrated, at the last moment, by some apparently trivial circumstance. I say "apparently," for he was astute enough to guess that there was no such thing as accident in the case at all, and rightly attributed the failure of all his schemes to a watchfulness as untiring as his own. His enemy had this

Duke he learned to one long afterward. Duke Morrison was not a dramaticative man—men of great nerve and endowment seldom are. I think—she had kissed the picture so fondly, I thought he might have blushed the original, saying, softly: "How I wish I could have been her, and seen the resolution. It was only so he could tell what some of them are used in this long, long while."

None came sooner than either thought then. The very next day, Captain Mac made a flying visit, and brought with him a package of Northern papers. "They are not the latest date, but I thought you would like to see them," he said, handing the package to Duke Morrison.

"You were kind to think of that," said the young soldier, with sparkling eyes. "Thank you kindly."

He looked then over eagerly. New York Herald, New York Tribune, Louisville Journal, Chicago Times, and there, more welcome to him than all the rest, a paper published in his own state and native city. Selecting it quickly from the rest, he went away to the further end of the planks to read.

The familiar heading looked like the face of an old friend. The local column was quickly devoured. The advertisements—he knew most of those well. Then the death—thank Heaven! no news that he loved was there. The marriage—there was a long list of them, but he did not get farther than the first one. He read that twice, then folded up the paper. What did it matter who the rest were?

He leaned his head back against the white pillar of the porch, looking away towards the distant North. Was it strange that a hopeless look came into the lion eyes? He had worn her fair face over his heart for two years. He had carried it with him into the din and shock of battle. He had built every hope in life, every dream of the future, into his love for her. And this was the end.

Myra Dane came up to him. "Good news from home, I hope, Mr. Morrison."

He turned toward her then, and she started at the altered expression of his face. Her own grew pale, and she put out her hands to him with a swift, appealing motion.

"What is it?"

For all answer he opened the paper, and pointed to the line he had read.

"Oh! my friend! It was cruel, cruel! How could she?"

"I suppose she was tired of waiting for me. Or probably found some one she liked better, in a quiet, listless way. There are some hurts so deep that from their very nature there can be little outward expression of pain.

They stood together in silence.

After a while, Duke Morrison said,

"Miss Myra, I am going away to-night."

She looked up at him, white to the lips.

"Going? To-night? I'm afraid you'll be re-caught—may be killed."

"I shall not be re-caught," in the same low, quiet tone; "and as for being killed, there are worse things than death, my little friend."

She knew what he meant.

"If you must go, I will do what I can to help you;" and then she told him something in a tone so low, that no ear was likely to hear it but his own.

He listened intently.

"Thank you. If you could manage it—"

She put up her finger with a warning motion, and glided away.

Half an hour later, with the door of her chamber locked, to prevent possible intrusion, Myra was examining the contents of one of her wardrobes. Removing skirts and dresses, and other articles of voluminous drapery, she came at last to garments that seemed strangely out of place—*a full suit of Confederate uniform, coat, pants, and cap, all considerably worn, but still presentable.*

They had belonged to her brother, the captain, who had thrown them aside as no longer fit for wear, and finding them in his room one day after one of his hasty visits, she had taken possession of them, foreseeing a time when they might be of use. No one but herself knew that these things were in that closet. They would never be missed or inquired for, so there was no danger of discovery from that source.

From a satin-lined compartment in her writing-desk, she took one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. "It is my own money. I've a right to give it to him," slipping fifteen half-eagles into a silk purse, which she placed in an inner pocket of the coat. "There, that is all that I can do to help him on his way to freedom."

They walked that evening on the lawn before the door, where the moonlight fell goldenly. Up and down the flower-bordered walks, her hand on his arm, gradually altering their course till they stood at last where a clump of evergreens cast long shadows, and an angle of the house shut them off from the possible observation of the little group seated upon the piazza there.

It was not much they had to say to each other, but little as it was, it must be said quickly, for they might be interrupted at any moment. Both knew this, and yet they kept silent for a time, while the sweetness of tropic blooms was about them, and above, the sternal, unchanging stars.

Duke Morrison took his companion's hand at last.

"I had better say good-by now, Miss Myra." She looked up at him, shivering a little, but did not speak.

"You have been my true friend, while others looked coldly on the 'Yankee soldier.' You have risked much to aid me to-night. I can never say how much I thank you. If I should not live to reach the Union lines—"

She moaned under her breath like one in mortal pain.

"Don't, please don't! It is too dreadful."

She stood a little way from him, her white hands clasping and unclasping themselves together, a look of utter loss on her face turned away mutely toward the quiet sky.

Did no suspicion of the truth cross his mind?

Yes; he was beginning to understand. But no glow of triumph thrilled him at the discovery. The pain at his own heart made him tender and pitiful of her, and he gathered her close to his breast, and kissed her once.

"May God in Heaven bless and keep you, dear."

She clung to him for an instant, then withdrew herself from his arms.

Good-bye. It was a hard word for them both, but hardest, I think, for her, feeling sure as she did, that if he or in death, they should never meet each other's eyes again.

At the front door she bade them all good-night, and retired to her chamber. Duke Morrison passed a few minutes with the three still sitting there, then he, too, said good-night, and

went to his room; and presently the great house was dark and still.

Next morning, "Private Duke Morrison, prisoner of war," was missing.

Of course instant and thorough search was made, but no trace of Mac could be found. Only Peter Rice, one of the patrol garrisoning the road leading to the railway station, reported that a man had passed him the night before, but he had the pass-word and wore the Confederate uniform, and he thought it was Captain Dana. He had taken particular notice, he said, as his orders were imperative to let no one go unanswered, and he could swear that the man who passed him had Captain Dana's voice, and even his walk. "He was smoking a cigar; and he spoke to me—'A fine night, Rice,' pleasant like, as Captain Dana always does."

It was not me, certainly. None one of my men returning from a visit to his sweetheart, probably," remarked Captain Mac, seriously. But he cast a quick, searching glance at his sister, whose eyes were turned away from him—away toward the distant river with a far-off expression that he had never seen in them before. He noticed, too, the weary, hopeless look on her face, from which all the brightness and bloom seemed to have died out—and the truth came to him like a revelation.

He was very gentle to her after this, and even to his mother he never breathed the suspicion which, in his own mind, amounted to conviction, that Myra knew more than she cared to tell about the Federal soldier's departure. What did it matter who the rest were?

He leaned his head back against the white pillar of the porch, looking away towards the distant North. Was it strange that a hopeless look came into the lion eyes? He had worn her fair face over his heart for two years. He had carried it with him into the din and shock of battle. He had built every hope in life, every dream of the future, into his love for her. And this was the end.

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He was getting afraid of the look in his eye.

Was he thinking of his weakness that night

when the thought that he was going away from his former overmastered all other thoughts and she let him draw her close to him—even put her arms around about his neck and dropped her head on his breast—on his breast where he could hear his heart beat again.

He was getting afraid of the look in his eye.

Was he thinking of his weakness that night

when the thought that he was going away from his former overmastered all other thoughts and she let him draw her close to him—even put her arms around about his neck and dropped her head on his breast—on his breast where he could hear his heart beat again.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[December 14, 1861.]

## OUT ON THE MOONLIT SEA. WHEN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JENNIE TRIPPLE.

Away on the bright, blue sea,  
Where merrily their spirits play,  
The winds in their voices sing,  
And flood the waves now deep.  
All skinning the moonlit fall,  
As silent as the moonlight goes  
Adown to the calm hills,  
And rock-swept'nd gales below.  
Away I for the sea is blue,  
The skies bending o'er us calm;  
Away I sweepings we'll run  
From Calm, the life of the pain.  
We'll tread on the ocean floor,  
When winds and the waves rave,  
And shout, "Under the billows roar,  
"Our house on the bounding wave."

Watertown, N.Y., 1861.

## Was She a Heroine? WHEN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY E. ANNIE FROST.

Was she a heroine? I must leave my readers to decide. She did not look much like one's conventional ideas of a heroine, as she sat before the fire one cold, March day, her fingers busy in knitting a pretty mat, her lips forming the words of a new song, which fell upon the air in sweet if not very powerful notes. Her eyes were neither flashing black, nor melting blue, but a deep hazel, and long lashes of rich brown shaded them into dark softness; her hair of a warm chestnut, straight, and bounded smoothly from her forehead, was gathered up in a very every-day sort of a knot behind. Bright and pleasant to look upon, with a fresh, fair complexion, a sweet mouth, and a trim, dainty, little figure, I must still confess there was nothing very grand or heroic about Ellen Taylor, as she sat knitting before the fire. Her dress, too, of dark, blue merino, with narrow lines and collar, was conspicuous for nothing unless it might be an exquisite neatness in fit and finish.

Her fingers covered the bright wool over the white needles, and her song rippled out upon the air, pleasant thoughts filled the maiden's heart, and not their usual upon the bright, sweet face, for Ellen had one attribute of a heroine, she was in love! Perhaps even to her own heart she had scarcely shaped its happiness into such plain language, but memories of a voice that made music for her ear, a face that lighted at her approach, a tender, true heart that throbbed for her only, certainly filled her thoughts as she sat before the fire.

It had been a very pleasant love story that now filled her life with its tender happiness. No word of opposition had ever clouded its expression, no man had been raised against its prospects. Loving and loved with the full consent of all concerned, Nellie was happy in present joy and future hope. Yet while she sat halting before the fire, singing from a heart full of pleasant thought, the first cloud was rising to burst upon her love dream in a storm she little dreamed could ever rise.

She was an orphan, this pretty maiden, yet so many had died their remains and snows over her parents' graves, that her memory of them was only a vague and confused one. Her orphanhood had been a sorrow that fell upon her when she was too young to know its meaning, and she had soon taken at once by her uncle and aunt, her father's brother and sister, to a luxurious home, kindest love, and an heirship in prospect. Jasper Taylor, her uncle, was a prosperous merchant, whose solid, hard nature had kept him a single man, but whose duty had made the support of his sister and his brother's orphans a sort of necessity. Ruth Taylor, his sister, was a sunbeam, the very impersonation of sweetness, brightness, loving kindness, one to brighten any home by her mere presence. With a small income of her own, she had consented to be housekeeper in her brother's large house, and later to fill a mother's place to Nellie.

One other description, and you will know all the persons who made the circle of Nellie's daily life. Arthur Levinson was the son of a wealthy Southern planter, who died a widower when this only child was a mere boy, leaving him and a large property in real estate and slaves to the guardianship of an uncle. The boy had been sent North for an education, passed through college, travelled with a tutor for three years, and was longing away a winter in New York, previous to his return to his Georgian home, when the bright eyes of Nellie Taylor took his heart captive. It was a short, bright courtship. Jasper Taylor saw no fault in a man whom wealth was proved; Aunt Ruth was won by his frank, bright face, his graceful courtesy, and above all by the quiet, unobtrusive yet inherent goodness of his character. Jasper loved him.

On the cold day when Nellie sat weaving love dreams into the stitches of her mat, in the library on a lower floor, far out of the sound of her song, Jasper Taylor and Arthur Levinson were conversing, with faces that proved the subject of their discourse one of vital importance.

The young man held an open letter in his hand, a letter that he had read under a binding promise of secrecy from Jasper Taylor. Letters of grave import were passing to and fro over the country, yet though the clouds gathered, the storm they foretold had not yet broken.

"My uncle writes me," said the young man, "that every dollar of my property now depends upon my immediate departure for the South, and my oath to take part in their treasonable schemes. I do not believe in the force of their bonds to overthrow the Government and establish a Government of their own, but I do believe they will make the effort. For months my letters have whitewashed this; since the election they are bolder in their threats, and this letter proves that, come or fail, they will make the effort in deadly earnest."

"You will go at once, I presume?"

"Go! I tell you I must remain one with them and their diabolical plot if I once return to Georgia."

"Well?"

"You cannot advise me to go! You, a Northern man!"

"Bob! Don't be foolish. You have a large property in the South, and you can secure it by going there."

"But—Oh, I see, you do not believe in this treasonable scheme."

"Yes, I do," in a low, deep tone. "No Indians now, who could be induced Southern connection as mine, can doubt their will and power. We may put them down, again; we may not. I have carefully withdrawn my friends from the South, as it is instrumental to me—"

"Instrumental to you whether the Government is overthrown or not," burst out from the impudent listener.

"In a more money point of view. Of course if it comes to a war, I shall side with the North. It is my interest to do so; but in your place, I should certainly go South while the way was open."

"This is your advice?"

"Most certainly. You are a beggar; if you lose your patrimony; and, above all, my income—money a beggar."

"My going South involves a separation from Nellie."

"Not at all. You were to be married in the fall. You may hasten the ceremony, and take her with you."

"And you advise me to turn traitor?"

"Don't hate yourself; there will be an open rupture between North and South."

"And I can to sell my loyalty for my patrimony?"

"And Nellie. Miss Taylor cannot marry a man without means to support her."

"I can work."

"At what? You have learned no profession, no trade. Business men are crippled, all over the country, by the political troubles. Every avenue is closing in, every branch of business cautiously retarding its expenses; where will you find employment, even supposing you capable of work?"

"I have led a useless life, it is true; but I am young yet, barely twenty-three. We can wait."

"Cold as ice, hard as stone, Jasper Taylor answered the pleading eyes fixed upon him.

"Nellie will not have my consent to any such folly."

There was a long silence; then Arthur spoke again.

"I will write to my uncle to-day, and see if it will be possible to withdraw my property without pledging myself to the Southern cause."

"Well! All useless, however; they will scarcely let so much money come here now if they can prevent it. It was great folly in your father to make twenty-five your age for managing your own property. You are past legal age, and could have withdrawn your interests from the South long ago, but for that."

"Yes. My uncle has entire control for two years longer. Well, I will write again at once."

But before the answer reached his hand, the clouds had poured forth the storm in all its fury. Sumter fell, and the North was one vast recruiting station to defend the Government.

At the first open rebellion, Arthur Levinson had flung his patrimony to the winds. Young, ardent, full of the fire of his Southern birth, with the staunch patriotism of his Northern education, he vowed to devote his whole strength to the cause of Right and Loyalty. And his little betrothed?

There had been a storm in the Taylor mansion, second only to the one raging over the country. Jasper Taylor had forbidden Arthur Levinson the house; upbraiding him for his folly, and roused to a perfect fury by the young man's avowed intention of shouldering a musket.

Others thought so, too, for morning found him lying in a row with the dead waiting to be carried in his turn to one of the graves being rapidly dug around the field of battle. A movement, almost imperceptible of his lips attracted the attention of the man who bent over him to raise his shoulders from the ground, a man who loved him, who had let hot tears fall upon his still white face, an hour before, and whose heart leaped with a quick hope as that faint quivering of the lip met his eye.

So from the row of dead he was carried, not to the grave, but to the hospital, where, unknown to himself, he was restored to life, operated upon, lost his arm, and was pronounced blind for life. Mercifully, the blow that deprived him of sight, numbed the brain into a quiet, dull state that was for the time, idiocy.

Mechanically he obeyed when spoken to, but for the most part sat in a dull apathy unconscious of all that passed around him. And the comrade who loved him, searching among his papers for his friends' names found letters signed Nellie, and a little card, faintly inscribed

"Sister to dare and die for his country's sake. But before the death from him, comes a daily stain upon his patriotic ardor, even trying them the fiercest battles. He must submit to become a traitor, when he has lived free at all, he must work when he is weary, smoke when his whole frame is longing for rest, endure thorn, heat, fatigue, obey orders that seem useless and absurd, submit to petty tyranny from those who have not half his own intellect or education. Day after day he must tell over unimportant details of his private, when his memory gives him only pleasant pictures of perfect ease and luxury."

"Arthur Levinson found he needed more than patriotic fire to nerve him for his duty; he found he must sacrifice patience, submission, energy, discretion, and he took his courage and guidance, first, his reliance upon Providence, his clear conscience, and the remembrance of Nellie's last words."

A whole year were away. After the first three months were over, Arthur's regiment recruited without returning home, and he remained with them. He had been in battle, had done his duty nobly in every department of his position, and Nellie heard from him sometimes in spite of the destruction of the majority of his letters. I am not writing a history of the war; it is printed upon the hearts of all of us too deeply to need words of mine to mark it there. One night I will describe.

It was in March, 1862, and the dead and wounded of two opposing forces were strewn upon the field after a severe engagement at Winchester Heights. It had not been one of the momentous battles where thousands were swept from life, and the whole country waited with suspended breath for tidings. A severe battle, with but little over a hundred killed on the Union side, and less than five hundred wounded, yet one of the hearts stabbed by the news of the day's engagement was Nellie Taylor's.

Lying out upon the cold, damp earth, shattered and chilled, with the echo of the day's artillery ringing still in his ears, the rushing sound of far-away encampments swelling on the night air, the hard breathing, low moans, sometimes the death rattles of his companions in misfortune, close to him on all sides, sometimes a groan breaking through teeth ground together in agony, that all the manly will could not bear silently, sometimes a whisper of prayer, once a name called out in a death-cry, these were the surroundings of the young man, as he prayed silently as a man prays on his deathbed. It seemed to him as he lay there that life was fast gliding from him. A wound in the face had torn out one eye, and another shot shattered his right shoulder, while across his chest had fallen a dead form he was powerless to move. Every hour his breathing grew more of a labor, the darkness around him denser, the sounds more horrible, till at last insensibility closed her friendly arms around him, and he thought he died.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

5.

## THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

They and Crown of Thorns!  
But where, O Lord, is mine?  
Are there for me no needs and woes,  
Since only such were Thine?

Or, having named Thy name,  
Shall I no longer take?  
And is there left no thorn, no shame,  
To suffice for Thy sake?

Unsheathed of any whip,  
Unsheared of any sting;  
O Lord, how short my fellowship  
With Thy and suffering!

Yet Thy dead sacrifice  
He fills my soul with weal,  
That all the fountains of mine eyes  
Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced Thy side  
Gave wounds to more than Thee.  
Within my soul, O Offered,  
Thy Cross is laid, on me!

And as Thy rocky tomb  
Was in a garden fair,  
Where round about stood flowers in bloom,  
To sweeten all the air—

Be in my heart of stone  
I separate Thy death,  
While thoughts of Thee, like roses blown,  
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my dead!—  
As one whom Mary sought,  
And found an empty tomb instead,  
Her spirit all for nought—

O Lord, not so depart  
From my enshrinéd breast,  
But I anointed in a heart  
That by Thy death is blest.

Or if Thou shall arise,  
Abandon not Thy grave,  
But bear it with Thee to the skies—  
A heart that Thou shall say!

—Dried Snow-Flakes.

P. Q.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FAIRFIELD EWING.

"Madge, do tell me the meaning of those mysterious letters. I have puzzled my brain over them, and why they are always dangling from your watch chain, the constant companion of that tiny basket you seem to prize beyond all earthly things. Some lover gave them as charms to ward off other influences than his own. You need not smile so provokingly; just as though I was wide of the mark. I shall find out some day, I know. Perhaps it is the badge of some secret Order of which you are a member. That is it. Hurrah! I have found out Madge's lasting secret at last," and the incorrigible fellow seized her slender wrist and dashed half round the room before letting her down. Then with a look of deep gravity, comended again.

"Since you will not condescend to inform me, the next time I meet wearing those letters I shall—"

"Shall what?" asked Madge, laughing merrily.

"Not tell you, I certain, for one thing."

"What is the terrible other your manner seems to imply?"

"In some way find out the meaning of 'P. Q.'"

"But we shall be late, cousin mine, if I do not stop this nonsense and take you to the carriage."

Madge took her cousin's arm, drawing her shawl around her and over the gleaming chain with its queer ornaments; they were soon seated in the carriage and whirling away to one of those parties which are making the winter in Cincinnati sq. gay.

The rooms were lighted and well filled when Walter paused near the door, conscious of the attention their entrance had attracted. Conscious, too, that he held upon his arm the dearest, sweetest being earth hold for him. He enjoyed the admiration Madge's appearance always drew forth more than any one imagined who saw him with the gentle girl.

"How devoted Walter Scott is to Madge Rivers."

"Indeed, I should think so," was the slightly sneering response. "He has not left her side but once since entering the room. Strange that he would venture out with her at all, some one will be sure to see her."

The last words were full of passion, and startled the hearer, who looked at Edwin Scott in astonishment.

"You need not look so surprised, Hattie. I have cause. Mr. Scott refused me the introduction I sought for some trivial reason, in reality, no reason at all. Possibly he thought those pretty lips might smile upon me, and he lost the chance of the thousands she is said to possess. But I shall be even with him yet."

"Edwin, I will introduce you to Madge. I knew her long ago, and she could not have entirely forgotten me."

Just then she swept by with a tall, slender gentleman, who had carried her off, much to Walter's dissatisfaction, for a stroll through the music room. Since the first day of her visit in his house had he loved Madge devotedly. Her light step always sent a thrill of gladness through his soul, and nothing could be enjoyed without her sweet presence. How he wished there was no such thing as society and its claims, for it broke him and upon those delicate evenings he and Madge spent together, practising duets or singing those old German songs. He stood vaguely gazing the music-room, not trying to analyse the feelings now rushing over him, but very conscious that they were miserable ones, and of a half undefined thought that the light of his life might be slowly going out; that Madge was slipping from his grasp. To-night she was very beautiful, more ethereal than ever before. A fragile, delicate organization, which a rude touch might crush hopelessly. The soft silk felt in folds from the slight figure, the low bosom revealed, the white shoulders under a cloud of lace; the small hands twining with the fingers she held, and the pale, spiritual face bending over and over to inhale the perfume of the fragrant blue-sage, or it up with a smile as the dark, earnest eyes were fixed to her companion's face, was a

picture upon which Walter could not look with calmness.

The blood flowed thickly through his veins when his thoughts turned toward, and he tried to stifle his own impulses. He stood to-night some distance from her, absently conversing with a shy, bashful girl, who looked as though she would much rather have been sitting a princess in the legendary than endeavouring to converse with this elegant young man by her side. Was very probably better satisfied with his present manner than if he had devoted himself entirely to the task of entertaining her. Now there was Edwin Grey and his sister Hattie. Through the rustling dresses and stirring figures he could see Madge leaning upon the piano, gracefully conversing with a little circle of which she was the light.

"Oh if that adious year younger had not been such a barrier." He would have willingly given five of the best years of his life to have added two more to his present age, and been a year older, rather than a year younger, than Madge.

"And yet she does not look to be twenty-three—not more than nineteen. I wish she was but that. Heaven! there is Edwin Grey and Hattie being introduced—actually kissing Hattie. What is that for?"

"What?" asked his companion in surprise. Walter looked, comprehending in a moment the cause of her query. He had given his thoughts words.

"I beg your pardon, I did not know I was speaking aloud. Would you like a pronouncement upon the verbiage?" said he, feeling as though if he had not said so could get through the evening. The young lady despatched, excusing him however from further attendance by saying, "There is masses coming this way." This released, he strolled back and forth in the refreshings; then threw himself down upon a seat to regain composure before returning to the room—his jealous thoughts again were busy. He had sat there for some time, becoming calm and silent under the influence of the jeweled sky above him, and better thoughts filled the place so lately occupied by the unreasoning jealousy, when the sound of voices roused him. He instantly recognized Madge's figure and some gentlemen, whose conversation he had heard. Bending his head he caught the answer.

"No, I think I never met Mr. Grey before. He is an entire stranger—beyond the slight acquaintance of this evening."

"Yet he says he had the honor of knowing Miss Rivers some years ago."

"His sister, Miss Hattie and I, formerly were playmates."

"Oh, possibly that may have been the way," replied the gentleman, whose tones Walter recognized as belonging to Mr. Bowen, an acquaintance of the family.

"Yes, Miss Rivers, he professes to be bound to you by no right; claiming to be a member of the circle whose insignia is this" touching lightly the little bar of gold which bore the mysterious letters. Madge suddenly stopped, stood as if petrified; opening her lips as if to speak, but they closed again without a sound.

"Why, Miss Rivers! Madge! What is in the matter? Have I offended you? Speak and tell me!" for the blue eyes had never left his face, but seemed set in an endless stare.

"Madge! Madge!" giving her a frightened shake to bring her thoughts back, and divest that gaze from his face. How he remembered it long afterwards with an involuntary shudder.

"Nothing is the matter," came at last in husky tones, her eyes falling to the floor. After a moment her voice again broke the silence. Husky yet, and seemingly burthened with pain.

"What you say cannot be true. You surely are mistaken," she added, as though her words needed confirmation.

"I think not. He wears the badge upon his chain, and the rest he gave me to understand after meeting, or rather seeing, you at Mrs. Robertson's reception; for I believe he was not introduced."

"Oh, I can't, can't believe it! He cannot wear that," the words were half wailing and full of anguish.

"Miss Rivers, come and see for yourself," said he, drawing her to the doorway, where she shrank a moment from entering. Then, as if with sudden courage, started in and was out of sight. Walter forgot all about himself in this new revelation.

"What was it?" he thought. He had noticed Madge flush when teasing her about the oddities she would persist in wearing; but he never dreamed they were of any great moment, and was puzzled to understand the conversation. "I will go and see how it ends."

"Catching hold of the window-sash, he threw it up; traversed the long supper-room, gaining the other entrance-door first, as Madge and her escort reached the centre of the room.

Gathered at one side were a number of ladies and gentlemen in a little coterie, from whom he rapidly singled out Edwin Grey, leaning half back, seeming half a member of the merry group, for his eyes were roving over the room, as though searching for some one not there. A slight start betrayed his knowledge of Madge and Mr. Bowen near by with evident intention of joining the circle.

"Miss Rivers, allow me to give you a seat," graciously proffering a chair, into which Madge sank, seating herself, gazing at the third for Mr. Bowen, who responded to the unspoken invitation with a bow, saying,

"I shall avail myself some other time."

Walter had glided to the window near by, partially concealing himself by the heavy curtains.

He wished to be where he could watch Madge unobserved, and ferret out some of the mystery which had been thrown around her. Very plainly he could see her figure now, but her face was shaded by her hand.

Mr. Grey bent over her with some pleasant remarks which were so quietly received, that taking a closer look, he observed the deathlike pallor.

"You are not well, Miss Rivers. What can I do for you?"

"Tell Walter I should like to return home."

Mr. Grey arose, and beckoned his sister to his side.

"Hattie, Miss Rivers is not well; please stay till I find her cousin."

Walter came from the window, taking Madge if she was tired, and wished to go.

Now, however, was to take his arm and proceed with him to the door. "So, Mr. Scott has found you? I have been looking for him all through the room. I hope you are feeling better?"

"I shall, probably, when in the open air."

Bringing her shawl, wrapping them tenderly

round the light form, was Walter; never by the least sign recognizing Mr. Grey's presence.

Madge passed her arm within his own, saying,

"Walter, please take me to the carriage soon. I am so faint."

Hastily fastening the dainty, white hood, with its azure ribbons, he took her in his arms, and ran down the steps, not stopping till she was safely deposited inside; then, with a few rapid directions to the driver, sprang in himself, not giving Mr. Grey, who had followed, an instant to gain the world with either.

The ride was not long, and Walter again in spite of carrying his cousin to her room.

Pushing open the door, he placed his burden in the chair before the cosy fire, now half smouldering.

Starting it vigorously, the flames shot up, filling the room with their soft, warm glow.

"Now shall I send for Ria? or may I not stay myself till you are better?"

"No; I will bid you good-night now, and ring for Ria when I want her," holding out the jewelled hand, which Walter took in his own, hiding the fragile little fingers in his broad palm, but did not stir, as he stood looking down upon the occupant of the chair.

Madge raised her eyes.

"Walter, please go, and leave me."

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wounded. Madge had turned her head over, and was now fixing him with half-open eyes, yet not smiling. In breathless suspense he waited for the next move, but she did not smile. The heavy lid was down, and she again slept.

Two hours more went, without a moment's warning, the eyes opened wide. Walter's heart throbbed heavily; for no ray of intelligence shone there. Only for a moment was it that they met his so blankly. An effort to speak, then spake the unspoken words:

"Where am I?"  
“Do you not know?” he returned in the same low tone, glancing round the room and at his sister near. The languid eyes slowly followed his own, finally resting upon his face.

"What has happened?"  
“Nothing of any great moment. You were taken ill."

"When?"  
“Before we came home last night."

"Last night," dreamily subduing the words.

"Yes, at 11 P.M. Can you remember it?" said he, a great thrill of fear betraying itself in his shaking voice, for—was this what the doctor feared, a shattered mind? He could not bear it, and spite of all a deep groan burst forth.

Walter's face with its sorrow must have brought the wandering thoughts back, for Madge spoke soon.

"It seems a great while ago, but I now remember it—and—oh, Walter, it has all come back now," burying her face in the counterpane, while her form shook with emotion. The full heart acted, too; but he was silent over this sorrow, whatever it might be, for he felt it beyond his power to offer consolation.

For some time the paroxysm lasted, but finally it was over, and she lay quietly among the pillows.

"Madge, dear, here is the medicine you were to take as soon as you awoke."

Like a child she obeyed him as he brought the mixture, and soothingly spoke, bidding her "Now sleep if possible."

"I cannot," she dreamily answered. "How weak I am," trying to rise, but sinking back; "mentally, too," she added. "All those long years I have suffered, and thought it over till last night, when the weary pain came back."

"Madge, you had better not talk," though every nerve thrilled with the thought that the explanation of all that had been so full of mystery in the past might now be given.

Putting away all selfish thoughts he regained composure. This, with the medicine, soon lulled her to sleep again, a gentle, peaceful slumber. When Doctor Edwards called again, he expressed himself quite hopefully, "that the convalescence would be rapid." It did not prove so, however. Slowly her strength seemed to come, and she would be silent for hours upon the sofa. Of-times the delicate brows contracted in pain, as though there was an inward combat—a struggle which took away all wish for exertion, or aught else but to lie there and endure.

So Walter read the varying changes as they flitted over the pale face. Mr. Grey had inquired for Madge's progress since the first day of her illness. After she came down stairs he called one afternoon, and was taken by her request into the sitting-room where her sofa had been placed.

He came forward with smile, glad to know Miss Rivers had so far recovered; seated himself by the side of the low couch, and devoted the time in his entertaining manner, to the news, bits of gossip, good wishes of himself and others for her rapid recovery, till Walter's fan would have shortened his call instead of lengthening it, as he seemed inclined to do. Madge, too, roused from the lethargy now habitual, was really interested.

After that first visit, there came hot-house flowers, arranged with exquisite taste, tiny baskets of fruit, and the latest publications.

When able to ride, it was always in the luxuriously carriage of the Grey, sometimes with Hattie, often with Edwin.

Walter, at home, felt as though entirely forgotten. The entire devotion when in health, his faithful care when death seemed to be very near, he bitterly thought, was nothing. Nothing when compared with a few perishing fruits and flowers from the hand of a stranger.

He was not forgotten, however. One evening when alone with her cousin, before the lamps were lighted, and deep shadows lurked in the corners of the room, ready at every gleam of fire-light to chase each other over the walls in flesh gambols, Madge gently asked him to sit down beside her until she could tell him how much she appreciated the unobtrusive kindness and delicate consideration he had shown her. She might have added more, when Walter stopped her utterance, lightly laying his hand over her mouth.

"Do not think of it," said he, a little coldly. "Mr. Grey has done more."

"Why no, he has not. You were so good to me."

"That is nothing at all. Duty always is plain."

Oh, well, if he did not care, was only kind to her from a sense of duty, there was no need of thanks, if that was all of his care for her; and Madge turned her face to the wall with a miserable feeling that her real friends were very few indeed. The clouds upon her brow deepened and darkened when the door closed, leaving her alone. The fire-light blazed and flashed up into her face, but not a shade of brightness crossed it till Mr. Grey was announced, with Hattie, who buried herself, after the lights were brought, and they comfortably seated for the evening, in keeping Walter to himself, even trying by innocent wiles to bring the olden light back to his eyes, and win more than a ghost of a smile from his lips; but all in vain. His thoughts would wander to Mr. Grey seated so curiously beside Madge. What right had he to annoy, perhaps, he, her cousin, would not have thought of claiming.

He felt an intense dislike to the man. Unwarrantable, Madge thought, with others, who could see no cause why the handsome Mr. Grey should be so obnoxious to Walter.

Apart from jealousy which had not in this case cast a gloom over the object, blinding him entirely, he had opened his eyes wider, and the cold, death-like atmosphere beneath the surface was very plain. The polished words were but flattery disguised, used to further his own interests. Nor could he understand why Madge's usually clear vision should be so blinded as not to see that the circumstances and observance of her slightness were not prompted by any real sympathy or genuine feeling of love.

That he was necessary, he knew, from his natural disposition; but he compensated himself that the knowledge of Madge's broad acres had not satisfied him yet.

He still knew of the bond between them, and of the conversation of one afternoon among the first Madge had spent down-stairs, or he might have proven a more powerful opponent than Edwin had now found him.

He would have weighed well the character of such a man, knowing him as he did, giving such information.

Natives and various circumstances coming in for their say. But he did not know, nor did Madge, naturally reticent, confide aught of her sorrow to him, but held it locked within her own bosom, feeling sometimes if it was not for Edwin's ready sympathy, she would not care to live. That day she had been nicely arranged upon her sofa, with books and portfolio whilst reading, if she wished to read, or spend the time in writing.

Thus Mr. Grey found her, not writing, or even reading, but lying there on the soft cushion, one hand supporting her cheek, the other clasped in the pages of Bayard Taylor's Journal, still thinking. He walked in as though privileged, telling Mrs. Scott "Not to trouble herself; he would find Miss Rivers."

Madge opened her eyes when he drew a seat by her, and rather tenderly inquired for her health. Without answering, the deep, earnest eyes were turned upon the handsome face bending over her.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read the mute appeal. "Will you not tell me where you got these; why you wear them?" came at last brokenly from the white lips.

His eyes fell upon the floor, and, was it fancy or did the blood really recede, when the delicate hand was laid upon the little ornaments? Madge could not tell. Only a passing fancy, she thought, as he bent over to her again, saying, very gently,

"Be sure that you care to know, that your strength is sufficient."

"I know the worst. I know that he is dead, else you never would have had those. And tell me, I beg, what you know of it," she could not say of "him," the loved, and now gone.

Edwin Grey sat with his hand concealing his mouth, while his eyes were fastened on the floor.

At length he spoke.

"It was almost four years ago that I knew Dwight Harvey."

Madge convulsively clasped both hands over her eyes. Why could she not have seen the sinister smile flit over the face of the one by her side? But she did not, and after a slight pause, he went on:

"Being from the same state, with the same purposes, hopes, and plans, we soon were quite friends, almost brothers. Not to pain you needlessly, I will skip all unnecessary detail, and all the hours we have spent together, but never can again; and give you in my feeble, imperfect way, the manner the world lost one of her noblemen. He had amassed considerable property, when he finally decided to return home, and had converted it all into money, when it was stolen by some daring thief, who left no trace behind. This terrible blow made him ill for weeks, ailed by anxiety about things connected with his home; another disease set in, and terminated his life. His watch and ring fortunately were left. With these, funeral expenses were paid, and other incidentals. From the chain I detached these, and took possession of a lady's amethyst, bringing them with me, hoping by wearing the chain to be able to trace out the one who was doubtless mourning her lost lover.

"I had no clue beyond this name of Madge, traced upon the inside of the little box, and the picture which I knew to be of you the instant I saw you with your cousin at the reception, some three weeks ago.

"He never told me your name, but I trusted to bring us together; and so it has.

Dwight told me the pictured face belonged to his dearest friend, and I want you to be mine," said he, softly, drawing her hands away from the wet face. "Do not grieve," as the tears now burst faster. "It will only make you ill again. You know he is at rest."

"Oh, Dwight! Dwight!" she wailed. "If you never had gone there to die!"

"Hush, Madge. Be quiet, if possible. There is no avail in tears or regrets for him now."

Thus soothing, and reasoning with her, she soon lay quiet, and when Mr. Grey left, it was with the consciousness of having fulfilled his mission, whatsoever that mission may have been.

Madge kept her sorrows to herself, never asking sympathy from those who would have been so ready to give it; so they knew but little of the real truth.

Being an orphan, and spending her life among strangers, made her shrink within herself, and make but few real friends. Many acquaintances had, for all were ready to do homage to the gentle girl, but none, till they were tried and true, did she admit to her confidence and trust.

As the weeks went by, she finally recovered from the illness, though the white face was whiter still, and the earnest eyes were more earnest. And sometimes in their gaze was a mutinous look, seeking unconsciously for sympathy.

Beside her, indeed almost everywhere, was Edwin Grey, to the utter exclusion of all others; and report said those blue eyes were learning to brighten at his approach.

Society congratulated itself there was a probability of the brown-stone mansion so long unoccupied, now being filled by a pretty little woman; who, it was hoped, would make a better man of Edwin Grey. Not that there could be anything particular alleged against him now, but he had been a wild boy before that long Western trip. What adventures had been his, we never knew by any, though numberless surmises and conjectures were rife regarding his sudden return home.

He was now devoting his time in reality to the profession chosen, and naught could be brought against his present life.

One evening, Madge came up stairs, and sitting down on the stool at Mrs. Scott's feet, told her she had plighted her faith to Edwin Grey.

"My dear child," said the old lady laid her hand in kindly blessing upon her head, "may you be supremely happy."

"That never can be, auntie. There was one with whom I should have been so. He is gone now," she sadly said, "and I doubt that there is another."

Both were silent for a moment, when Madge again spoke.

"I cannot love him as I loved once, but there is a sincere regard and respect, which he tells me will, in time, become all he could ask."

"Madge," and the good old lady, who had not heard a word of what she had been saying, now spoke the hospitable thoughts the first announcement brought, "you will be married here, will you not? I never had a daughter, so

I feel as if I had a right to give my dead brother's child a merry wedding."

"Not that—not a merry one. I could not bear it. Edwin and I have talked over the matter, and he is perfectly willing for a quiet wed-

ding, though it must not be here, tending you."

"It would be such a pleasure. You know my baby daughter died, and I had none till you came. It is too bad you must be stolen away when fitting in here so nicely."

Madge made no reply, but sat looking out of the window in a preoccupied manner, with none of the blushing joy or sweet consciousness of the betrothed maiden. Under the new relation not a wave of color ever dyed the white cheek, or left its stain upon the noble brow. A sweet smile welcomed her lover as he came each day, but nothing more. He, on the contrary, could not talk to and of her too much.

The door opened, and Mrs. Scott came out, looking at Walter questioningly.

"Does she know?"

"No, mother, I cannot tell her."

But Madge had seen another in the door, and stood looking at the man with staring eyes.

He advanced a few steps, then spoke,

"Merry."

"Dwight Harvey!" and her convulsive scream ran through the house.

Gathering her up, they carried her to the sofa, but her eyes opened soon, and her first words were—

"Dwight! Dwight! why did you not come before?"

"My darling," and the strong arm drew her closer, while tears of joy rolled down the tan-

ned face.

"Oh, I have been so lonely these long years without you. You will never leave me again."

Winding her arms round his neck and childishly resting her face against his arm.

And Walter, feeling that they were no longer needed, drew his mother from the room, closing the door gently behind.

Not till the dinner hour had come and gone a long while, did Mrs. Scott venture to disturb the happy lovers. Madge's face was perfectly radiant.

"Oh, auntie, he never will leave me again. Come and see him."

He had a practical realization of what it was to struggle in the world for appearances sake. The profession he had chosen, though not dis-  
tasteful, was irksome to him. Much pleasant-  
er would have been to indulge tender epistles to  
some lady friend or enjoy a promenade, than  
listen to the clients frequenting this office, or  
argued upon a plea for the same.

The prospect of Madge's wealth was absolutely dazzling. "Then I can live," he ejaculated when a more than usually disagreeable day was ended, and he closed the office door, locking it against all intruders, thoroughly disgusted for that time with "treacherous business," as he termed it.

He had urged a speedy marriage, and Madge had consented it should be when the June roses were blooming.

"Not before then? Why is this March."

"Not quite three months. Surely that will be time enough, will it not?"

And Edwin, after a few more ineffectual attempts to change her decision, was forced to consent, though it went sorely against his will.

"What if something should happen?" fairly shuddering at the idea.

"It cannot. I am safe there," he said, reassuringly, to himself.

The wedding preparations were all completed, and three more days would find Madge "Mrs. Grey."

June, with her balmy air and singing birds, had come at last. Bright and cheery shone the sun, the dewdrops were not dried from the lawn, and sparkled on the grass yet, when Edwin came for an early call at Mr. Scott's, carrying a bouquet of white rose-buds. He looked very handsome that beautiful morning, as he came with the firm, quick step, the resolute bearing; and Madge, for the first time, felt a thrill of pride in the one who was to be her whole future life. Obeying the impulse of the moment, she leaned from the window and bade him a cheery "good-morning."

"Madge, dear, see what I have brought you as a bribe, for a walk with me this lovely morn-  
ing," holding up the flowers.

"How beautiful," extending her hands for them.

"You cannot catch them," laughing at her endeavors to reach the flowers as he towed the fragrant buds to the window.

"Get your hat and gloves for a walk, then you may have them."

"Auntie cannot spare me."

"Yes she will; the air will do you good. I will ask her, while you get ready," and he sprang up the stone-steps, passing through the hall in search of Mrs. Scott, without questioning his privilege of so doing.

Madge ran to the stairway, and leaning over the balustrade, watched him till the fine form disappeared through a distant door. Then she slowly went back to the window, and saw Walter open the gate for some stranger to enter; close it, and walk up the paved way with him, both earnestly conversing.

"Who can that be with Walter? Some one I have seen. Where?" Watching them advance with considerate interest. Strange that she should not know him, when every gesture was hauntingly familiar.

As they came on Walter stole a glance upward. Madge bowed and smiled, but he did not respond, only striding into the house. The steps falling heavily on her sensitive heart, filling it with sorrow, when bright and joyous days were just dawning.

Something had changed Walter from what he had been when she first knew him. Always kind, and ready to comply with her slightest request; he was not the gay companion of other days. In the absorption of her thoughts she had not noticed this, vaguely feeling the change. Now he was avoiding even a morning salutation.

The gate opened and shut with a bang.

Mechanically her eyes, she saw Edwin crossing the street rapidly.

"I suppose he is offended now because I was tardy. My beautiful day is completely spoiled, and I was feeling so happy this morning for the first time. When will life be over?"

There came a knock upon the door. Opening it, there stood Walter, who looked down at her but did not speak.

"Did you want anything?" said she, gently;

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